The cunning Age.

OR

A re-married Woman repenting her Marriage,
Rehearſing her Husbands diſhoneſt carriage.

Being a pleaſant Dialogue between a re-married Woman, a Widdow, and a young Wife,

To the Tune of The Wiuing Age.

Widdow.

Good morrow, kind Goſſip, why whither ſo faſt?
I pray ſtay a while, I know ther's no haſte,
And let's chat a while of ſome things that are paſt;
I heare ſay y'are married ſince I ſaw you laſt;
O this is a haſty Age,
O this is a haſty Age.

Mar. Woman.

Tis true, I am married, which hath beene my bane,
But if that I were now a Widdow againe,
I ſo would continue; but griefe is in vaine,
I muſt be contented to ſing this ſad ſtraine,
Oh fie on this coozening Age,
Oh fie on this &c.

Wid.

Oh, doe you ſo quickly your bargaine repent,
And yet you thought long e're about it you went?
If marriage bring trouble in time Ile preuent
All future vnquietneſſe, and be content
To ſhun ſuch a coozening Age,
To ſhun &c.

Mar. Wo.

Oh, woe is me, Goſſip that e're I was borne,
I married a Boy, that now holds me in ſcorne,
He roines among Whores both euening and morne,
While I ſit at home, like a creature forlorne.
Oh, this is a coozening Age,
Oh, &c.

Wid.

Oh, who would imagine that ſuch a young Lad,
That ſcarce was worth twelue pence with al that he (had,
Should wed a rich woman, and vſe her ſo bad?
I truſt I ſhall neuer be ſo doting mad,
To match in this coozening Age, &c.

Mar. Wo.

The griefe that I ſuffer can hardly be told,
Among Whores and Knaues he conſumeth my gold,
And if I reproue him, he tels me I ſcold,
I dare not diſpoſe of mine owne as I would.
Oh fie on this doting Age,
Oh fie on this doting Age.

Wid.

Well, by your example I warning will take,
With no Skip-jacke boy a match I will make;
Two Suitors I haue, but I both will forſake,
For ſome that are fond, as they brew let them bake;
I'le take heed of this cunning Age,
I'le take heed of this cunning Age.

Mar. Wo.

Well, doe ſo, good Goſſip, and ſo Fare you well,
[illegible] my new husband will curſe me to hell:
[illegible] John, (God be with him) my neighbours can tell,
But neuer in's life giue me mouthfull of ill.
Oh fie on this doting Age,
Oh fie on this doting Age.

Wid.

There is an old Prouerbe, that oft hath bin try'd,
Set a Beggar on horſe-back, to th Gallowes hee'l ride;
So, [illegible] a young Boy, he's ſo puft up with pride,
They'l marry rich Widdowes, to ſcoffe and deride.
Oh this is a coozening Age,
O this is a coozening Age.

FINIS.

John Cart.

The cunning Age.

OR

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Being a pleaſant Dialogue between a re-married Woman, a Widdow, and a young Wife.

To the Tune of The Wiuing Age.

Widdow.

Good morrow, kind Goſſip, why whither ſo faſt?
I pray ſtay a while, I know ther's no haſte,
And let's chat a while of ſome things that are paſt;
I heare ſay y'are married ſince I ſaw you laſt;
O this is a haſty Age,
O this is a haſty Age.

Mar. Woman.

Tis true, I am marri'd, which hath beene my bane,
But if that I were now a Widdow againe,
I ſo would continue; but griefe is in vaine,
I muſt be contented to ſing this ſad ſtraine,
Oh fie on this coozening Age,
Oh fie on this &c.

Wid.

Oh, doe you ſo quickly your bargaine repent,
And yet you thought long e're about it you went?
If marriage bring trouble in time Ile prevent
All future unquietneſſe, and be content
To ſhun ſuch a coozening Age,
To ſhun &c.

Mar. Wo.

Oh, woe is me, Goſſip, that e're I was borne,
I married a Boy, that now holds me in ſcorne,
He roames among Whores both evening and morne,
While I ſit at home, like a creature forlorne.
Oh, this is a coozening Age,
Oh, &c.

Wid.

Oh, who would imagine that ſuch a young Lad,
That ſcarce was worth twelve pence with al that he had,
Should wed a rich woman, and uſe her ſo bad?
I truſt I ſhall never be ſo doting mad,
To match in this coozening Age, &c.

Mar. Wo.

The griefe that I ſuffer can hardly be told,
Among Whores and Knaves he conſumeth my gold,
And if I reprove him, he tels me I ſcold,
I dare not diſpoſe of mine owne as I would.
Oh fie on this doting Age,
Oh fie on this doting Age.

Wid.

Well, by your example I warning will take,
With no Skip-iacke boy a match I will make;
Two Sutors I have, but I both will forſake,
For ſome that are fond, as they brew let them bake;
I'le take heed of this cunning Age,
I'le take heed of this cunning Age.

Mar. Wo.

Well, doe ſo, good Goſſip, and ſo Fare you well,
For my new husband will curſe me to hell:
Old John, (God be with him) my neighbours can tell,
Did never in's life give me mouthfull of ill.
Oh fie on this doting Age,
Oh fie on this doting Age.

Wid.

There is an old Proverbe, that oft hath bin try'd,
Set a Beggar on horſe-back, to th Gallowes he'l ride;
So, it is a young Boy, he's ſo puft up with pride,
They'l marry rich Widdowes, to ſcoffe and deride.
Oh this is a coozening Age,
O this is a coozening Age.

FINIS.

John Cart.

The Second Part. To the ſame Tune.

Married Woman.

BUt ſtay, who comes yonder? 'tis well yͭ I tarry'd:
My kinſwoman Katherin, ſhe lately was marry'd,
Shee had better gone to the Church to be bury'd,
With her now, I doubt, things are otherwiſe carryd,
She curſeth this coozening Age,
She curſeth this coozening Age.

Young Wife.

What Couſin and neighbour, are you met together?
'Tis well that I hapned ſo luckily hither,
I long haue deſired to talke with you either;
Come, ſtand not i'th ſtreet, let's go trauel ſomwhither
Oh fie on this coozening Age,
Oh fie on this &c.

Both to the young Wife.

Well, how doſt thou like of thy Husband, good Kate?
We heare of a certaine th'art marry'd of late
With a wealthy old widdower, to better thy ſtate,
Who loues thee as deare as the Turtle his mate:
That's rare in this coozening Age,
That's rare &c.

Yong Wife.

Oh woe's me, Couſin, that euer 'twas done,
A beggarly ſlaue my affection hath wonne;
He brag'd of his riches, whereof he had none,
But fiue little Children, foure Girles, and a Sonne,
Oh fie on this coozening Age,
Oh fie on this &c.

When he came a wooing, he borrow'd a Cloake,
[illegible] rings to his fingers, and loue to prouoke;
[illegible] vntill a word of his Children he ſpoke,
But now we are marry'd, I find that he's broke,
Oh fie on this coozening Age,
Oh fie on this &c.

Beſides, hee's ſo ielous, that if I but looke
On any Yong-man, hee'l be ſworne on a booke,
That I make him Cuckold by hooke or by crooke;
This doting ſuſpition no woman can brooke
Oh fie on this doting Age, &c

Mar. Wom.

It ſeemes then, good Kate, we are both alike ſped,
Ill fortune had we, with ſuch Husbands to wed:
For if all be true that heere thou haſt ſed,
I would either we, or our Husbands were dead.
Oh fie on this coozening Age,
Oh fie on this coozening Age.

Wid.

Your ſpeeches will make me ſtill willing to tarry,
Sith Widdowes and Batchelors both doe miſcarry,
Yet 'tis ſaid in London, that when we doe bury
Our Husbands, next moneth we are ready to marry:
Oh this is a lying Age,
Oh this is &c.

Nay more, to abaſh vs, the Poets o'th times,
Doe blazon vs forth in their Ballads and Rimes,
With other ſometime ſatyricall lines,
As though we had done ſome notorious crimes,
Oh this is a ſcandalous Age.
Oh this is &c.

I would I one Poet could get in my clutches,
He were better write ballads againſt yͤ Arch-dutches:
There is one [illegible] that ſorely vs touches,
The [illegible] Dowager, that goes vpon Crutches
Doth ſcoure out the Wiuing Age,
Doth ſcoure out &c.

But 'tis no great matter, let knaues ſay their worſt,
And ſwell with foule enuy vntill they doe burſt.
I keepe you ſo long, I ſhall make you be curſt,
I could find in heart to ſtay ſtill, if you durſt:
Oh now comes the parting Age,
Oh now comes the parting Age.

FINIS.

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